

THESE ARE JOKES—
HONEST

Maid: "Please mum, there's a man at the door with a wooden leg."

"We don't want any today, thank you, Sarah!"

Girl: "My father made his fortune when he was a young man, would you like to know how he made it?"

Youth: "No. But I should like to know if he still has it."

"Sailors have sweethearts at every port."

"No wonder they stay at sea."

Two telephone girls from different exchanges, had a chat over the wires. Both were going to a garden party on the following afternoon, and what they were going to wear vexed them.

At last a masculine voice compelled one of them to turn her thoughts to other things.

"Are you there?" the voice yelled. "Are you there? Hello! Who is that speaking? Who are—"

"What line d'you think you're on?" demanded the girl.

"I don't know, but judging from all I've heard, I think I must have got on the clothes line!"

"Are you ready to live on my income?" he asked.

"Certainly, dearest," she answered. "if—if—"

ADOLPH, GENTLEST OF SO ULS, UNWY



"If what?"

"If you get another for yourself."

"Papa, if I planted this pit, would an orange tree grow up from it?"

"Of course it would, my son."

"That's funny, isn't it pop? 'Cause this is a lemon pit."

New York Sun's "let us alone" club to save Big Business is now regarded much as a comic supplement.

You can't hatch a fried chicken from a fried egg. Never mind the society editor's sniffs. Tell her to try it, if she doesn't believe it.